MARVEL
PG 19

WINICK
McKONE
HOLDREDGE

EXILES

SO LAME PART 2

So -- how long have you been a *genetically engineered slave* for Mojo?

All my life.

You are watching THE MORPH SHOW!

Is *that* right? Does he give a *dental plan?*

Come to think of it, do you guys even have to brush your *teeth?* Or do you have *fluoride* genetically *excreted* from your gums or something?

Morph and his fellow EXILES were kidnapped off the timestream and taken from their mission of repairing broken timelines.

Well--

What do you think about that, Pete? You got any thoughts on the *dental hygiene?*

Gingivitis rocking your world?

The culprit? Mojo. The insane monarch of his own twisted reality.

A place called-- conveniently enough-- Mojoverse-- populated with artificially manufactured humanoid slaves and bloated, yellow-skinned, attention-deficit-disorder-suffering monsters called the Spineless Ones.

I'm in *favor* of it, Morph. The *hygiene* that is. Gingivitis, now that stuff's *trouble.*

They crave constant entertainment. And Mojo provides them with it.

So tell me about this next *Mojo Motion Picture* you're in.

What's it called, "*Chimp World*"?

Planet of the Chimps.

In hopes of freeing Morph and Nocturne, the remaining Exiles are attempting to find **Longshot**, *a former rebel leader, and one of the few to ever defeat Mojo.*

Ah, well-- you would *definitely* be getting sued-- that is, if Mojoverse had any *laws*, which it *doesn't*, so *continue...*

You're a monkey in *Planet of the Chimps*. Did you *enjoy* making the film? You weren't *killed*, so that puts you in a better position than *most* of the cast, right?

In the meantime, Morph performs his show...

It was *challenging*. We had to learn *monkey* movements, and then there was all the *makeup*--

Uh oh!

MAKEUP!

WHUUP!!

There is *nothing* funnier than a little person and a giant powder puff!

Who's *bored* with the talk show? *I am.*

Time for the *hillbilly sketch!*

THE HILLBILLY SKETCH!!!

Can I help you, sir?

My name ain't *"sir"!* It's Jimmy-Jack-Earl-Raymond Griffith! But everybody calls me *Laverne!*

Ah am a Son of the South and Ah needs me *a room!* Ah am plum *tuckered* out from a long day of staring *directly* into the sun, eating *dirt*, making fun of *ethnic* people and *romancing* my *cousin!*

Well, we *do* have some rooms available, but I'm not sure we can accommodate the *chickens*.

The chickens are for *you!* Ah figure *three* chickens is a good trade for a night under your roof! *Whaddayasay?*

We don't usually *barter* for--

Okay, you drive a *hard* bargain! Ah'll throw in the *pig!*

Ah love this pig like a *sister,* but as my *daddy* used to say, "Son, the *government* is poisonin' the well water with help from *alien life forms!*"

Sir, we *really* don't allow animals, but we could make up--

Uh oh!

MAKEUP!

WHUUP!

Kills me *every* time. We'll be back after this short break.

ORDER NOW! DON'T WAIT! YOU SNOOZE-- YOU LOSE!

MORPH GONE WILD!

MORPH GONE WILD! MORPH GONE WILD!

COME SEE THE EXCLUSIVE PICS OF MORPH ON SPRING BREAK AS HE LOSES ALL HIS INHIBITIONS!

MORPH GONE WILD!
MORPH GONE WILD!

DON'T MISS THE HOT, SEXY MORPH AT HIS HOT, SEXY BEST!
MORPH GONE WILD!
MORPH GONE WILD!

DON'T WAIT-- ORDE
YOU'LL MISS IT AND NEVER FORGIVE YOU
YOU'LL JUST WANT T

Morph Gone Wild is a product of Mojo Productions.

Well, gang, that wraps up another one here on *The Morph Show*. We've had a fun time, and I dare say we may have learned a few things.

Never shave a pitbull. Don't put spackle in a micro wave oven, and always keep more than one fire extinguisher on set during a cooking segment.

Chef Danny, I sure hope those skin grafts work out.

Goodnight, everybody!!

Producer	MOJO
Executive Producer	MOJO
Associate Producer	MOJO
Co-Producer	MOJO
Director	MOJO
Second Unit Director	MOJO
Original Music	MOJO
Editing by	MOJO
Casting by	MOJO
Production Design by	MOJO
Art Direction by	MOJO
Set Decoration by	MOJO
Costume Design by	MOJO

A Mojo Production

YAAAAAY!!!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

MAAAAAARVELOUS! WOOOOONDERFUL!

Oh, *dearest* Morph, you are *easily* the best performer we've had in *Mojoverse* in over a *hundred* years! We're getting our *highest* ratings in *history!*

It's the only thing *on* and you *force* everyone to watch, you fat, sweaty, son of--

Why split hairs?!

I'm *proud* of you, m'boy! Do you know how *hard* it is to make me proud?!

Don't care. Stop touching me.

Don't be *modest!* You're the *champ!*

Even *still*--

--you did try to escape again this morning.

CONTAIN HIM!!!

FWOOSH!

You broke *a lot* of the guards. Not that I care, I can make *more.* I just don't like to think that you aren't *enjoying* yourself.

I'm not, ya sicko! I *hate* this!

I *know.* I don't *care.* I don't want you to keep running away.

Capice, my honeybunny?

Need I *remind* you that we *still* have your comrade in arms, legs and buttocks-- the lovely but *heavily* bruised *Nocturne?*

Any attempts to escape will leave me no alternative but to commence *torturing* her again. I *don't* want to do that.

Well, that's not true, I quite *like* it. But for *you,* I'm willing to go without.

You *see,* Morph, I'm willing to *sacrifice* for the sake of our relationship, and still... you show me *no* regard...

...so, what do you say... no more *scampering* off or smashing my personnel? Or I'll turn the little blue e#@% inside out and back again. And make you *watch.*

Okay. *Please* don't hurt her.

EEEEEEEXXXXXXCELLENT!

Glad to hear you're part of the *team.*

Fellas, wheel him back to his cell. He's got another show in three hours and we don't want our star *tuckered out.*

Please guys...come save us...

NOCTURNE'S CELL

Hey... you're *new,* huh?

Well, umm... how should I put this?

I have to... *y'know*... relieve my *bladder*.

I am not permitted to speak to the prisoner.

I will alert command central to send the jailer to unshackle you. From there we will proceed to the facilities you are requesting

He'll take an *hour*-- he *always* does I gotta go *now*.

Please... I'm... I'm... being put through *enough*... don't you think?

C-can I at least keep s-some *dignity*...

Please. Just unlock me so I can go.

Thank you *so much*

What do I...?

Just unhook the shoulder plate.

BE-DEEP

Thanks!

That was the *inhibitor collar!*

Ever been ***possessed*** by an angry mutant?

You have ***now.***

Okay, Morph. Let's get us the hell out of here.

The prison that holds Longshot... obviously.

Currently under siege... a small, quiet siege, but a siege nonetheless.

LONGSHOT'S JAILHOUSE

AAAH!!

SKRRAK

GLOCK!!

You're elected. Where's Longshot's cell?

Number 21-- at the end of the block

Sasquatch-- thank him for his cooperation

Thank you.

BOONK!

BLA-

Is *that* him? That s Longshot?

Yeah, Bl nk He's looked better.

Brother looks *whupped*

DOOM

And his *hair* is *utterly* out of control It's like a *mullet* on *crack.*

Ease up, Sasquatch.

W-who are you? What s happen ng

We're from the X-Men. We're called *Exiles.* Mojo has plucked us out of time and is holding two of our teammates captive.

And you are the *only* one who has ever beaten him, Longshot. So we *need* your help

I see

Sorry. I can't be of any assistance.

Excuse me?

Longshot, you remember me? *Mimic*? We've fought together a *number* of times

You've been this world's *savior* time and time again. The responsibility of freeing *yourself*, your *people*, and today-- *other heroes*, once more falls on *you*.

We don't always *choose* our destinies but we can rise to *meet* them.

I know you've been imprisoned here for over a year, but don't forget-- you're a *hero*.

I-- I don't want to go. Even when I win, he always comes back to get me... I'm tired of losing to Mojo

Well, I *tried* to be inspirational. Sasquatch-- *drag* his #$% out of here.

"Tired of losing?" What's up with *that?*

You've got about *five minutes* to *butch up* and help us break in to Mojo's stronghold, *Nancy boy.*

"*Sasquatch*, bust down the door." "*Sasquatch*, clock that guard." "*Sasquatch*, go carry Longshot."

I know I'm the *powerhouse*, but let's divide up the chores, *okay!?*

Hey! Put me down! I said I didn't *want* to go!

THE MORPH SHOW GREEN ROOM...

Any idea where *General Blubber Butt* is at? Before a show he usually gives some idiotic *pep talk*. The *Ethel Merman "No Business like Show Business"* meets *Mussolini's "You'll do what I say or I'll cut your arms off"* thing.

His majesty said that he would not see you before the next program

Too bad. I feel *all* diminished

I wouldn't worry, Morph. I'm sure it'll be a *good show*

"*Morph*"? Since when did you brain dead lobotomized worker bees get *so* personal? That's the *first* time any of you have called me *anything* but "*slave performer*".

I'm feeling *friendly*. Probably because I'm wearing a *thong*.

TJ?

None other

Let's *rock*, bad boy.

AAAWWWW RIGHT!!!

Make a break for the back! I th nk I know a way out!

You lead! I ll follow! My *queen*! My *savior*! My *azure goddess*!

Shut up and *run*!

TZOT!

TZOT!

Coming through! Hot soup! Fugitives on the lam! Angry TV star heading for his trailer!

Morph! Hit that door! *Third* from the right!!

It's *hit!* Now where?!

Straight down this corridor! There's a *skylight* we can zip out of and head--

Absolutely *nowhere* because you'll be *dead!!!*

This is the thanks I get for making you the *biggest* star in the universe?! The *girl* I understand. We kept *electrocuting* her but *you*--

--where's the *loyalty?!*

I've been *too easy* on both of you. I should know better than to *coddle* the talent.

From here on in, *no more Mister Nice Mo*--

KRUNK

Wha--

LONGSHOT!?!

Mojo, you wouldn't know *nice* if it ran up your leg and bit *whatever* gigantic hunk of flesh passes for your *butt*.

Oh, sure, we beat the snot out of an entire battalion and break down the wall, and suddenly *he* grows a par

Okay, time to *concentrate* on the matter at hand, Sunfire

No! No one is going to stop him but *me!*

This *psychopath* is *mine!*

But Morph-- we've been through so much together!

I've had it with you, you sick, depraved, sack of #&%&!

You murdering, spineless, narcissistic blob!

I hope someone is *filming* this? We need a *special* for sweeps!

You won't be around to *see* that, Mojo! You're just going to have to pay real close attention *right now!*

But I *promise*-- this'll be a real *barn-burner!* Your big star is *really* going to deliver a show!

It's called *The Death of Mojo!*

CHOOK!!

You've twisted, maimed, tortured, raped, and killed *millions!*

You've made this world into a *living hell!*

CRACK!

But your reign has ended!!

FREEZE!!

Okay, kids. Party's over. The Timebroker's here.

Everybody out of the pool.

It's time to go, Morph. Get off of him.

No. I'm not going to let him hurt *anyone* ever again.

Believe me, I'm not trying be a Pollyanna, but you *can't* kill him. Time is screwed up *enough* without you *mucking* around and whacking this piece of garbage. I'm sorry.

How bad *is* this? Will we still be able to get home?

We haven't done *too* much... except break *Longshot* out of jail...

Yeah. That's a *problem*. But fortunately for *you*, it's going to be someone *else's* problem now.

Excuse me Mr. Timebroker but...

...what took you so long to come get us?

Hey-- you guys *have* to understand that there *really* isn't some sentient entity *running* this show. It's like the human body. It runs on its own steam.

And Mojo here yanking you off your time-fixing path was like a *disease*.

I'm the *antibodies*. Now you're going to *get well*. Mazel tov.

What about *Mojo?* He just *gets away* with this?

No. Time is *not* a broad you push around. If you mess with the *bull,* you're eventually going to get the *horns.*

If he *wants* his reality to *collapse* on itself-- he should just keep this up.

So what happens now?

You've got about a *minute.* Then you'll hop to the *next* world.

I'm sorry about all this, kid. You've got your hands full as is. Getting tossed in here with this evil lemon blimp was *not* part of the plan.

Thank you. It's *always* nice to get an apology from a construct of our collective consciousness.

Don't get *smart.* I was being *nice.*

You okay?

Fine.

Morph?

This was all my fault.

He wanted *me*.

Which got *all* of us dragged here.

Mojo *tortured* you, TJ.

Yeah. But I'll live. I'll need a new *haircut*, but I'll live.

Still... it wasn't your fault.

All of this sucks.

I want to go home.

Yeah. We will.

Some day.

BLOOONK!

END